# Middlebury Register KNAPP & BAILEY.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR, IF PAIR IN CASE, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Otherwise \$2.00 per year. ADVERTISING RATES

SE INCH. ONE WEEK,
ACH WEEK AFTER,
ISINESS CARDS (1.2 inch, per year),
SINESS CARDS (inch, per year),
OCAL NOTICES per line, cach insertion

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. LHAVE VERGENSES. morning Express...... 3.40 LEAVE LEIGESTER JUNCTION. Sunday morning Express. Arrive from Ticonderoga. Leave for Ticonderoga....

# POST OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East
Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Hirdport,
Way mail from north,
New York, Ruthand and Albany,
7:30 A. M.
New York,
3:18 and 6:00 P. M.
Way mail from south,
3:45 P. M. all and Bridport, 3:15 P. M. sed mail for Roston and Rutland, 5:30 P. M. sed mail for New York and Albany, 7:45 P. M

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts.
Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at
10-45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening prayer
meeting at 7:30. Methods at 10:45 A.M. and
3:30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening prayer meeting at
30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening prayer meeting at
30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening prayer meeting at
30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening at 7:30.
Episcopal St. Stephen's Church-Main-st.
prector. Sunday services at 10:30 A.M.
and 3:30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening at
30 P.M. Thurs-lay evening at 7:30.





# Middleburn



Men and Things.

Time flies away fast,
The while we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December!
Herrick.

To write the biography of an honest,

VOL. XLII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER 19, 1877.

REX MACARTHY.

"It isn't in your belt a' the keys o' the countryside hang, Jim Banks. And maybe, stranger, if you'd feel to stop and ask the overman, it's a different answer you'd get."

The speaker was one of a group of yawning, pale-face pitmen standing at the Lowther shaft; and the "stranger" was a tall, good-looking fellow in collier's clothes, who had just asked Jim Banks If he "could get a job in the mine," and been curtly told, "No, he couldn't."

Just then a gaunt, sinewy form with

couldn't."

Just then a gaunt, sinewy form with a grisly aspect came stalking towards them. He had a candle stuck in his cap and a pipe in his mouth.

"That's John Bowles, stranger; it's a civil word he'll give you, anyway."

The stranger nodded and smiled, and, with the light of the smile on his face, turned to the overment.

urned to the overman.
"John Bowles," he said, "I want

job; can you give me one?"
"What's your name, friend?"
"Rex Macarthy."
"What can yo' do?"
"I could be a hewer."

"In high seams?"
"Yes, in high seams."

"In course. Yo'd niver bend them long legs and yo're long back enough for some o' our lile seams; but we've one or two'll hold yo're inches, an' there's other wark besides. I'll gie yo' a popul a work." a pound a week.'
"Done."

"Done."
"Are yo' ready now, man?"
"Now."
"Then down yo' go."
And in the swinging, banging, bounding basket down Rex went—down through a thousand feet of darkness. Bowles' practiced eye watched his descent. "Yon chap's no pitman. The basket were as new to him as it were to me, forty years ago." All the more, however, he admired the pluck and address with which Rex had taken his turn; and, if "no pitman." he wield-

After that Rex did as he pleased with Pache and Will Hewitt.

"He's no' juxt a common lad," said worst enemy die l'a coal-pit ?"

The overnan's questioning received more actention. A few minutes sufficied before the weeks after, to one of the properties of the pro

Fair Fresh Debutantes .- The Speak- tues

Washington is rapidly receiving its winter complement of politicians, place-seckers, and pleasure seekers. Members of congress, some of them with their wives and families, are coming in on every train. The journalistic Bohemian is here from San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, Duluth, and other places, like New York and Sa Louis, too numerous to mention; and he noseth around Newspaper Row, the hotel lobbies and government departments, his

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Woman's Temperance Column.

to song has thrilled Columbia's wood and wave Her arching demo hath caught ne ministrelsy, also that a new born nation grandly gave When rang the Declaration of the Free! But lot as startled millions bent to hear, Britannia's hand in proud, default wrath Underathed the sword, and noble blood and steal Dyed the pure greenness of each flower-strewd path.

Brave men went out to die, and women veiled With tender smiles the anguish then, With spartan valor wreathed the flag that trailed And 'ade the warrior strike for peace again. Free! free! Ob land, of all the world the pride, Trimmplantly the wheels of progress roll! But hark as wants the century, naught can hide The wall of wee from out the foundeman's soul.

moral and industrious man is not only to honor his memory, but at the same time render a real service to society; for in tracing and calling back to mind the good deeds, the gentlemanty deportment, the energy and constancy of a man, who for years followed a conscientious and successful business without a stain of trickery and villainy, is to teach those who wish to follow the same that the sure way of arriving at a development.

teach those who wish to follow the same path, the sure way of arriving at a desirable end, and of what value in life is a reputation honorably acquired.

And art thou free? We fain would join the chime Whose majesty our listening souls have loved. Now pause to ask, while ring the bells of time. Where waiteth liberty's storm-beaten dove? we wish to trace here, in a few lines, what is most worthy of our attention in the life of one who certainly will be long the life of one who certainly will be long. On earth, ah, never more to be restored!

the life of one who certainly will be long remembered in this vicinity, not only as a successful business man, but as one free, when a thraidom worse than death enfolds who left behind such a good and honora-ble record of solid, moral and social virble record all their trust in Heaven and Gost In the death of George Sherman, which occurred on the 7th of September 1877, Moriah lost one of her most suc-

cessful and sagacious members, and the community at large one of its most exemplary and prudent benefactors. The history of the seventy-six years of his life was the history of Moriah.

He was a self-made man in the full And all the first produced and success the second self-made with the second self-made man in the full And all the manuless shadows bow, And all the success shadows bow, And all the success shadows bow, and thuman lips into their vesting cries, a stronger arm than firstain's binds as how,

Oh, like a pail the sunless shadows how, And human lips lift up their wasting cries, A stronger arm than Britain's binds its how And Christ in his dear name bids its arise. He was a self-made man in the full meaning that these words imply. He received that degree of instruction the facilities of the times could afford, but in exchange for a high education he imbibed from youth that knowledge of self-dependence, industry and moderation in all things, which is far more useful for an every day practice in life than all the degrees of education would be without those qualities.

He carried to the last that simplicity so reculiar to true most and release

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